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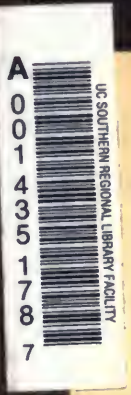

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MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS

IN

ASHBOURN CHURCH,

DERBYSHIRE;

Written by

Sir BROOKE BOOTHBY, Bart.

AND

MISS SEWARD.

ENTERED AT STATIONER's HALL.

PARKES, PRINTER and AUCTIONEER, ASHBOURN.

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PENELOPE BOOTHBY's *MONUMENT;*

EXECUTED BY T. BANKS, R. A.

I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came.

To PENELOPE,

Only Child of Sir Brooke and Dame Susanna Boothby, Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13th, 1791.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail Bark, and the wreck was total.

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Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.

Tu vero felix
Et beata
Penelope mea,
Quæ tot
Tantisque
Miseriis una
Morte perfuncta es.

TRANSLATION.

All our joys are perished with thee alone.

But thou art happy and blessed, my dear Penelope, who, by one touch of Death, hast escaped so many and so great miseries.

Lei che'l ciel ne mostra terra n'asconde.

Le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente,
E'l lampeggiar dell Angelico riso,
Che solean far in Terra un Paradiso,
Poca polvere son che nulla sente

TRANSLATION.

Those that descend into the grave are not concealed from Heaven.

Thy curling locks of pure shining gold, the lightening of thy angelic smile, which used to make a Paradise on Earth, are now become only a little senseless dust.

Beautè c'est donc ici ton dernier azylè!

Son cercueil
Ne la contient pas
Toute entiere;
Il attend le reste de sa proie:
—Il ne l'attendra pas
Longtems.

TRANSLATION.

Beauty, this then is thy last asylum!

Her tomb does not yet contain all; it waits for the rest of its prey:—— it will not wait long.

MONUMENT,

EXECUTED BY JOSEPH EVANS,

OF DERBY.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

Sir BROOKE BOOTHBY Bart., and Dame PHŒBE his Wife, Daughter and Heir of WILLIAM HOLLINS, Esqr. of Mossley, in the County of Stafford.

He was born Nov. 2d, 1710. and died April 9th, 1789.
she was born Octr. 4th. 1716, and died May 5th. 1788.

They were Married in 1742,
and left issue two Sons, and one Daughter:
Brooke, born June 3d, 1744. William, born May 4th, 1746.
Maria Elizabeth, born February 16th, 1758.

Here blameless pair with mild affections blest,
Belov'd, respected, much lamented, rest:
Life's shelter'd vale secure in peace ye trod,
Your practice virtue, your reliance God.
Long days, long love, indulgent Heaven bestow'd,
And sweet content to gild your calm abode;
Friends who through life their faith unalter'd kept,
Children who loved, who honour'd and who wept.
Heroes and Kings, life's little pageant o'er,
Might wish their trophied Marbles told no more.

MONUMENT,

EXECUTED BY E. F. EVANS,

OF DERBY.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARIA ELIZABETH BOOTHBY,

only Daughter of Sir BROOKE BOOTHBY, Bart.

and Dame PHŒBE his Wife,

born February 16th, 1758. Died August 22d, 1805.

Chaste Earth within thy hallow'd breast,
Let these sad relics, peaceful rest;
The mortal spoils, an Angel mind,
Mounting to Heaven, has left behind.
Her bosom, pure as Virgin snow,
Did with each mild affection glow,

Almost from human frailties free,
Yet boundless was her Charity;
The sense in her that brightly shone,
Seem'd to her modest self unknown.

Reader, no Poet's pencil drew
This portra't, it is simply true.
O, all beloved! the general woe
Thy universal worth may show:
And, O, too soon, united here,
With Parents, to thy bosom dear,
Sleep by a well-loved Mother's side,
In life her chiefest joy and pride.
Sister, farewell! nor time, nor place,
Maria's memory shall efface;
Thy Brothers, who inscribe this stone,
With their last sigh thy loss shall moan.

BY MISS SEWARD,

OF LITCHFIELD.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

HILL BOOTHBY,

ONLY DAUGHTER OF

BROOKE BOOTHBY and ELIZABETH FITZHERBERT

HIS WIFE,

Born October 27th, 1708. Died January 16th, 1756.

Could Beauty, Learning, Talents, Virtue, save
From the dark confines of th'insatiate grave;
This frail memorial had not ask'd a tear,
O'er HILL's cold ashes, sadly mouldering here:
Friendship's chaste frame, her ardent bosom fired,
And bright Religion all her Soul inspired:

Her Soul, too heavenly for an house of clay,
Soon wore its earth-built Mansion to decay;
In the last struggles of departing breath,
She saw her Saviour gild the bed of Death,
Heard his mild accents, tun'd to peace and love,
Breathe a blest welcome, to the Realms above;
To those bright Regions, that celestial shore,
Where friends, long lost, shall meet, to part no more.
"Blest LORD I come! my hopes have not been vain,"
Upon her lifeless cheek, extatic smiles remain.

FINIS.

PARKES, PRINTER and AUCTIONEER, ASHBOURN.

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